

## I Know What You Need by edgy\_fluffball

**Series:** [Harringrove playing cards \[4\]](#)

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**Genre:** Angst, Angst and Fluff and Smut, Biting, Bottom Billy Hargrove, M/M, Mild Kink, Panic Attacks, Steve takes care of Billy, Steve's plan doesn't work out, and more than that, billy needs a hug, mentioned food play

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**Summary:**

Billy is not in the mood for whatever Steve wants to do. He is, in fact, collapsing, losing himself.

It is with Steve that he can find what he needs and Steve is happy to provide.

# **I Know What You Need**

## **Author's Note:**

Part 4 of @flippyspoon's playing card prompt challenge on Tumblr.

This time I drew the Queen of Spades - kink or dirty talk with whipped cream or food of any kind.

Enjoy - this is the first time I've written something smutlike in years.

The feeling of emptiness spread through his body, making him feel lightheaded and reckless. His foot floored the gas pedal, letting the engine rev up until he could no longer make out single shapes outside the windows. It all came together in a blur of black and grey, tree trunks flying past in time with the song blaring from the car speakers. The tape was worn out already from having been in use for months whenever he got into the car.

He turned around a corner, tires squeaking under the centrifugal force. His shoulder knocked into the side of his car, dragging his head along. Once his head hit the glass as well he howled out in wild glee, laughing until his skin stretched over his face, threatening to split at the corners of his mouth. The rain-wet asphalt caused his tires to spin out, nearly knocking him into the trees along the driveway. The car stopped, he hit the steering wheel with the inside of his palm and stared out through the windshield. Heavy rain drops left their blob-shaped marks on the glass, drumming against his ears, drowning out the sound of his adrenaline-mediated blood hammering through his veins and against his eardrums. The high he had been surfing on faded out whilst he still sat in the car.

The heavy rain drops pattered down onto the car roof, steady like a metronome. He rested his forehead against the steering wheel, feeling a shiver run down his spine. His breaths came out shakier than he wished for them to be, he needed to calm down before even getting out of the car. The consequences would be unpredictable if he went inside without having collected himself.

There was no way he would be able to keep it all hidden. He

breathed out slowly, opened the car door and stepped out in the rain. The cold drops hit his face and soaked his shirt right through, leaving him shaking and freezing after taking a few steps towards the front door. He pulled his key from his pocket and opened the door, feeling the warmth of the heated rooms envelop him helped him settle for the moment. That was, until he heard the voice from upstairs, calling out for him.

‘Billy, is that you? See, I knew you would come by today, I felt it, if you want to call it that!’

Billy felt himself relax at the familiar sound. He shrugged off his jacket, took off his shoes and looked around the hall. The lights upstairs had been switched on and the faint sound of music reached him where he stood.

‘Steve?’ He made his way towards the staircase, trying to spot where Steve stood, ‘What are you doing, hiding in the dark?’

Steve’s laughter answered him, a soft sound between giggle and sigh, ‘I was waiting for you to come home.’

Billy dragged his feet over the hallway, towards Steve’s room. His boyfriend referred to his house as their home with an easiness he did not possess, for him every stay meant a visit. His self-declared home lay somewhere between his car and the warm embraces Steve presented him with in the familiar seclusion their meetings promised him. It was with Steve that he felt accepted, it was in his arms that he could allow his thoughts to roam freely, it was in Steve’s presence that he felt worthy of happiness.

Or did he? Billy opened the door, his hands shaking with the shadow of the guilt and resignation he had opened his own door an hour earlier. He couldn’t shake off the feeling of being haunted by it, there was no way he could not think about his father, his father’s words, his father’s actions, his father’s fists, his father’s anger-contorted face, his father’s knuckles impacting on his skin, his father’s spitting his disappointment at him. He couldn’t shake it off.

He needed Steve. He needed him to take care of him, he needed his boyfriend’s intuition, and he needed him to sense the troubles his

mind was going through, explaining how he had deserved what his father felt appropriate for getting home late after school and leaving the car parked in the driveway.

‘Billy! There you are,’ Steve was leaning against his bed, arms crossed over his chest, ‘I was beginning to fear you had gotten lost.’

Billy looked up from his boots that had been so much more interesting than anything else around. He had not intended to look up and watch Steve closely, he felt tired and exhausted, but Steve’s voice had sounded wrong, not at all like he used to sound in school or at gatherings of the party. It only seemed natural to investigate.

Steve wore his best pressed polo shirt and slacks, had styled his hair to perfection and smiled at him with a promise hidden in the corner of his mouth. Three bowls stood next to him, on his desk. Billy saw strawberries and whipped cream, the content of the third bowl hidden under a cloth.

His boyfriend looked like he had just exited one of Billy’s fantasies, based on his wet dreams. Billy blinked at him, his brain unable to process what happened right in front of him. Of course, Steve had had something in mind when he picked this particular outfit, styled his hair in a way Billy had known from photos only, and set out strawberries and whipped cream on the desk, just within reach from the bed. Both of them had their experiences with other people, and each other. Billy had got to see a side of Steve no one else knew of. Steve’s brain worked on a different level when he felt in the mood, he turned into the most seductive thing Billy could possibly imagine. And usually, he would tackle Steve right there and then to get his stupid preppy clothes off of him and let himself be devoured.

On this night, however, he was exhausted enough to simply walk past Steve and drop onto the bed. He didn’t because he needed to greet Steve, acknowledge him at least a bit before curling up into a ball and cuddle his boyfriend until he forgot about the food on the desk and whatever fantasy he had meant to bring to life.

‘Billy?’

Something inside him broke, Steve looked at him with the lust erased

from his gaze, nothing but caring and warmth left as he stepped towards him, his hands reaching out to cup his waist. He searched for a hint of what was going on in his expression and Billy knew he didn't have the energy to hide it. Of course, there wasn't much to hide, his split lip told almost the whole story.

'Again?' Steve's sad eyes surveyed the trickle of blood down his chin, one hand coming up to wipe it off whilst the other still held him at his hip.

Billy felt himself lean into the touch, something he had learned to do along with realizing that he could trust Steve. His head came to rest on Steve's shoulder, slipping his boyfriend's arm from his cheek to his neck. He took the hint and pressed him closer, build more contact between them until not even a piece of paper would have fit between them.

'You're save, Billy. I am here for you,' Steve started to rock from one foot to the other, creating a swinging motion that reminded Billy of waves, 'I am here and I protect you. There is nothing here that can harm you. I am holding you as tight as you need it, there is nothing more important to me than you, nothing! I will do anything for you, anything you need, anything you want. You and your wellbeing are my purpose, and I will not let go of you or leave you. I am going to hold you, I am going to take care of you.'

They had developed this speech together after a particularly bad night when Billy felt the need to hear Steve whisper assurances into his ears. It had been a permanent feature of their grounding routine ever since. Billy could relax best with Steve there to hold and guide him through every episode, when his sweet words, whispered by a warm, husky voice, were still audible in his mind.

'I'm here, you are here and nothing can harm you where I am,' Steve's lips were close to his ear now, warm air hitting it with every spoken syllable, 'You are safe, right here, right now.'

The pressure building up in Billy made him shiver and shudder in Steve's arms, his teeth knocked together and he felt the overwhelming sensation linger on his skin, waiting to be released, waiting for a touch, a grip, something to pour out into. He wanted to

break, lash out and hit a tree in the woods until his knuckles hurt and bled.

‘Steve,’ he rasped out and clawed at Steve’s back, his fingers dragging across the polo shirt, trying to find something to hold to, ‘I – I need –’

He felt as if he was drowning, no air or words passed through his throat, his lips moved without making a sound. There were thoughts in his head, words to be spoken but he didn’t know how, he had lost the train of thought, including the ability to voice these thought. Without the possibility to tell Steve what he wanted, how he wanted nothing else but forget all the thoughts chasing each other in his brain, how could he calm down and remember how to breathe again?

His eyes felt dry and burned, he knew the signs. His mind told him that crying would be relaxing but his body failed to comply. He wanted to, Billy realized, he wanted to cry in Steve’s arms, feel the relief of being with him wash over him.

His fingers dug into Steve’s shoulders, coaxing a breathy gasp out of his lungs. Steve stepped back for a second, his hands never leaving Billy’s body, to search in his face for something he didn’t know. Resolution set in his eyes, Steve held them an arm’s length apart, locking eyes with Billy.

‘You need to signal me that doing this is okay,’ he looked more serious all of a sudden but Billy wanted to cry out in relief.

Steve knew how to help him, Steve knew what to do in order to get Billy back out of his head. He felt himself shudder in anticipation as his senses jolted awake again, hopeful optimism lifting him up. Billy held his breath before he nodded. With the nod he passed himself over into Steve’s hands.

Steve’s demeanour changed instantly. He helped Billy sit down on the edge of the bed before stepping back again, his gaze never leaving Billy who now looked up at him. Then, he tucked his shirt over his head, throwing it onto the ever-growing pile of clothes in the corner and planted himself in front of the bed.

‘Ready?’ He rolled his shoulders back, exhaling slowly and shaking

his muscles loose, ‘You know what to do if –’

Billy shook his head, breathing out shakily, feeling his skin itch painfully. He needed contact, he needed to feel and to know that he could let go. And there was only one way now for him to achieve that at this point. He raked his fingers through his hair and nodded.

Then, he waited. He watched Steve’s every move. His boyfriend paced the room, massaging his shoulders and neck. He hummed a small tune, moving along to its rhythm with the easiness of a tiger circling its prey. Billy felt the shudder of excitement rush down his back, making him wait for what was to come.

Suddenly, Steve lunged at him. All Billy could see before the impact, was glistening skin and a promising twinkle in Steve’s eyes before he knocked into him chest first. Billy groaned loudly, feeling the air get knocked out of his lungs. He fell back onto the bed, his arms sprawled out uselessly against the weight pushing down onto them. Steve crouched over him, threatening like the lion to the antelope. Billy wanted to say something, anything to tell him how much he wanted him know what he felt – but still, there were no words. A dry sob escaped his lips, Steve halted for a moment and studied his face, a hint of worry in his eyes. He must have spotted the reassurance in Billy’s eyes because his gaze darkened again, a smirk curling the corners of his mouth upwards.

His head shot forward, mouth open, teeth bared. Billy howled out once he felt Steve’s teeth hit his skin, accompanied by warm, wet lips. He sucked on Billy’s shoulder, right in the crook of his neck, where throat and shoulder met. Billy moaned at the sensation, his upper body rising up against Steve’s mouth. The sounds spilling from his mouth echoed in his ears, a mixture of moans and pants that got him worked up more.

And then, just as he thought he had exhausted the sensory scale, Steve bit down on the hard muscle streak protruding from Billy’s shoulder. Something exploded behind his closed eyes, filling him with fireworks. He bucked against the grip on his arms, bringing his groin up in the process. The pain in his shoulder shifted, flowed through his body, and pooled in his lower stomach as a burning warmth that coaxed a long-drawn-out from his lips when Steve met

his jerky moves. Billy could still feel Steve's lips nibble on his shoulder, biting and licking and sucking at the skin, worrying it to the point that there would be marks left, but soothing it with small licks and kisses as well.

'Steve,' he felt his lungs expand, letting more air in, allowing him to breathe more freely again, 'Steve, I need you – need you –'

Steve pushed himself further onto the bed, dragging Billy with him in the process until he rested against the pillows, one hand clawed into the seam of Steve's pants. Wandering hands pushed his own shirt off, caressing fingers followed the hard lines under his skin. The lips that had been biting and sucking broke off when the fingers reached Billy's jeans.

'You are good tonight, Billy,' Steve panted in his ear, dragging his lips across his cheekbones, 'You are doing so good for me.'

Billy's breathing staggered, he opened his eyes and locked eyes with Steve, just as he went in to kiss him slow and pressing. One of the wandering hands massaged Billy through his pants, rolling the ball of his hand against the bulge under the cloth. The content sound leaving his mouth made Billy sound embarrassingly desperate for the touch offered to him. He rolled his hips up, against the hand palming him, first, and then against Steve, looking for whatever friction he could get himself to feel.

'You are good,' Steve's voice assured him, 'you are safe right here in my arms and I will take care of you.'

His voice was throaty, heavy with promise and affection. Billy could feel him against his thigh, grinding up and rubbing against him. The moans Steve uttered went straight between his legs, leaving him lightheaded because his brain was left without an immediate oxygen supply. He crossed his legs behind Steve's back, pushing up against him and forcing him closer. In response, Steve broke off their kiss and freed his hand from in between their bodies, smirking at the hurt sound Billy made at the loss of contact.

'Don't worry,' he whispered, 'you deserve the world and I want to give it to you. Can you be good for me? Can you let me take care of



you?’

Billy nodded, too overwhelmed to say anything. He looked up at Steve who now popped the button on his pants and pushed them down, repeating the process with Billy’s jeans, taking his underwear down at the same time. The air hitting his sensitive skin let him draw in a breath through his teeth, closing his eyes in anticipation.

‘There you go,’ Steve leaned back on his feet, taking him in, ‘you are so good, Billy. My god, look at you, being all pretty and shaken.’

Billy felt his hands ghost over his skin, following the lines of his muscles and chords underneath. Steve’s lips returned to his shoulder, biting down on the skin his teeth had ruined earlier. Billy jerked up, rubbing against his boyfriend’s leg, trying his best to get him closer, gain some contact, feel him shudder at the touch. He panted, the pain in his shoulder ever present in his mind, filling him with the warm pleasure he needed, the feeling of being wrecked by Steve’s teeth, his skin breached and bruising, carried through their dance, guided by the pain.

He could feel Steve’s fingers caressing his hole, spreading him open. The painful bliss he was in kept him from following every move Steve made but he didn’t need to. The warmth of the lips sucking on his shoulder let him feel and relish how close he and Steve were. It guided him through Steve preparing him, moaning into his shoulder and licking at the broken skin.

Another bite accompanied Steve pushing in. Billy felt his eyes water and finally, finally he felt himself let go, he hugged Steve close, met his thrusts and locked their lips in a fleeting kiss. Both of them groaned out in pleasure, breaking away from each other for a moment, panting, gasping for air.

‘If you could see yourself, Billy,’ Steve caressed his cheek with one thumb, never ceasing to push into him, ‘all flushed and sweaty. And your shoulder...your shoulder –’

He lost himself, throwing his head back, his rhythm becoming more and more erratic. A hand snaked to Billy’s front, kneading, jerking, holding him tight. And then, just as Billy thought there was no way

he could feel more, just when his senses seemed overpowered, Steve brought his head back down. His teeth breached the skin of the crook of his neck, the familiar pain rushed through his veins, causing him to tense around Steve in the exact moment his boyfriend thrust in deeper, burying himself in Billy.

Billy felt the wave wash him away, felt his own release, and Steve following him. It was in this moment that he felt something slip down his temple, soaking into his hair. The first tear escaped his eyes, making way for more, until he finally felt a sob leave his throat. He knew he could let go, Steve would take care of him. And even if he wanted to, Billy knew he couldn't move a muscle. He felt Steve lie down next to him, still panting but with a cloth in hands to clean them up. Having done that, he pulled Billy closer and the blanket over both of them. There was another cloth in Steve's hand, soaked in warm water. He washed Billy's shoulder with slow strokes whilst pressing small kisses to his chest. All the while, Billy cried, hiding his tears in the pillows first, then in Steve's hair once he was close enough to him.

'See,' Steve put the cloth aside and wrapped his arms around Billy, 'I'll always take care of you.'

He kissed the tears off his face, holding him close and drawing patters on his skin with his fingers. Billy exhaled shakily, bending his head up to meet his boyfriend in a kiss.

'You are here with me, right? No one can harm you here,' Steve pushed himself onto his elbow, 'that's why I gave you a key, remember? For you to come here whenever you want or need to, to let me take care of you and help you out.'

Billy nodded weakly, his eyes hurting from crying, but also, he felt content and at home, warm in Steve's arms. He wanted to sleep, next to his boyfriend, and wake up to him smiling in his sleep. Steve still moved around, seemingly looking around.

'Oh,' he sat up briefly, 'I forgot the whipped cream. It's sauce now.'

'Leave it,' Billy mumbled into the pillows, pulling at Steve's arm, 'Come to bed. We can still do your weird food stuff. Later.'

'Next time,' Steve smiled and lay back down next to Billy.

'Next time,' Billy nodded and cuddled closer to Steve, entangling their legs whilst the rain still pounded against the window.